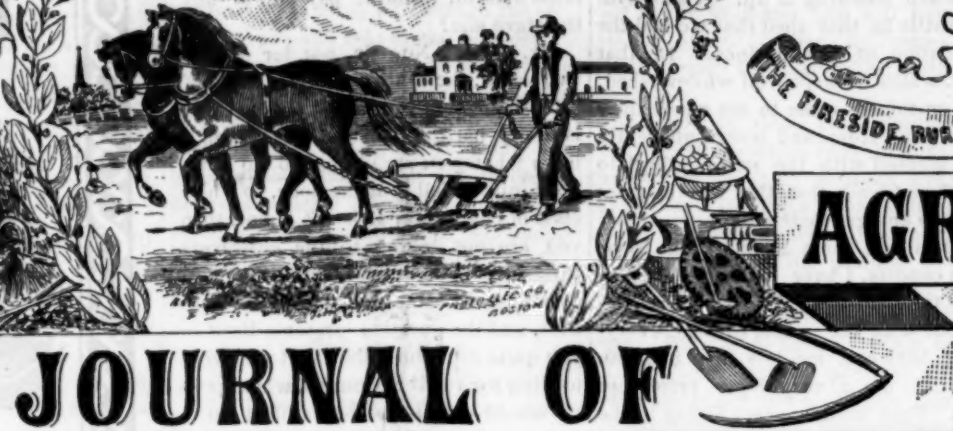


MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN



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WHOLE NO. 2930

MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN

Official Organ of the N. E. Agricultural Society
LINUS DARLING,

PROPRIETOR.
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paid in advance. Postage free. Single copies
5 cents.
No paper discontinued, except at the option of the
proprietor and full arrears are paid.

All persons sending contributions to THE
PLOUGHMAN for use in its columns must sign
their name, not necessarily for publication, but
as a guarantee of good faith, otherwise they will
be assigned to the waste-basket. All matter
intended for publication should be written on
note size paper, with ink, and upon but one side.
Correspondence from particular farmers, giving
the results of their experience, is solicited.
Letters should be signed with the writer's real
name, in full, which will be printed or not, as
the writer may wish.

THE PLOUGHMAN offers great advantages to ad-
vertisers. Its circulation is large and among the
most active and intelligent portion of the com-
munity.

Rates of Advertising:
12 1-2 cents per line for first insertion.
6 1-4 cents for each subsequent insertion.

AGRICULTURAL.

FAT pastures, fat cattle, fat farmer.

A JOB half done is a job to be done
over.

SLIPSHOD work brings slipshod re-
sults.

SOME men who are proud of support-
ing their party, right or wrong, ought to
be ashamed of not supporting their fam-
ily better.

ONE plan above all others will make
the children interested in the farm. It
is simply to give them a chance to make
a little money.

SOME western feeders are trying a
new cattle food, made from the refuse
pulp and molasses of beet sugar factories.
Good results are reported.

A LITTLE blacksmith shop is a good
investment on a farm located some dis-
tance from the town. The average
farmer is a good deal better at repairing
tools and iron work than he thinks, if
he has the facilities at hand.

THE best investment for a farmer is a
little ready cash to pay for things on the
spot. Why ask for credit when cash
will obtain a discount equal to big in-
terest for a year. Nothing but money
in hand can buy at the bottom price.

KEEPING hens to lay eggs for market
purposes without a male, is often ad-
vocated. It is true that a hen will lay just
as many eggs under such conditions,
but for all that the plan is of doubtful
value and those who try it often give it
up. A lot of widowed hens prove con-
siderable of a nuisance.

THE trouble with old hens is that they
do not lay their eggs when prices are
highest, but an early pullet does. An
old hen moults late and takes her vaca-
tion until spring. She takes a longer
vacation every year she lives. Some
old hens, however, will lay pretty well
in winter. They are the ones from
which to save eggs for hatching.

It is very important to keep the floor
of the henhouse dry. If hens stand on
the damp earth, this cause alone is
enough to stop laying. It will even
sometimes cause lameness. If the floor
is not as dry as dust it should be covered
with plenty of litter, and fresh
earth should be thrown upon the dropp-
ings every morning, if these are not
removed.

FORTUNATE that all the boys do not
stay on the farm. The boy who is well
treated and given a chance, and does
not like the business would be better
somewhere else. To make much of a
success at farming, a man must be fond
of the occupation and put some enthusi-
asm into it. It is none too easy to make
money even then, but the man who goes
at it like a slave has a hard time.
What little money he makes comes out
of his bones instead of his brains.

Money in Cucumbers.

A good deal of money has been
made in raising cucumbers under glass.
Many have tried to grow the crop and
failed, but those who succeed in getting
a good yield find the crop profitable.
There are many fine points about the
business which can be learned to some
extent by interviewing the nearest
grower.

In general the conditions to be pro-
vided are as near as possible to those of
the crop out doors.

The house must be kept warm; fifty-
five to eighty degrees. Soil must be
warm, loose and rich. The best fer-
tilizer—well-rotted manure. Hen man-
ure thoroughly mixed with the soil is
recommended. Also a little nitrate of
soda to give rapid growth. Some
growers have made a comfortable liv-
ing from a cucumber house of moder-
ate size.

Stock and Dairy Notes.

Guernseys are becoming very popu-
lar.

Holding up the milk is the result of
harsh treatment or taking away the
calf. Quick tempered help are out of
place in the cow barn.

Disease among cows is sometimes
traceable to feeding badly fermented
food and half rotten hay and ensilage.
Other common causes are exposure to
draughts and dampness, lack of any
sort of ventilation, overcrowding and
contagion from diseased animals. A
cow would be healthy if given half a
chance, but she cannot endure such
treatment as the above without dire in-
jury.

To increase the flow of milk in ewes
with early lambs feed plenty of bran
and turnips and other roots. Keep
rams out of the pen. The water supply
must be liberal, and salt should be
given occasionally. A favorite Canadian
ration is boiled peas, oats and
clover hay.

An excellent cross for dairy purposes
is a Jersey bull with a herd of good
sized Ayrshire, Shorthorn, or native
grade cows.

A food that is good to make milk and
eggs is good to make growth also.

The dairyman who makes first rate
butter in January, February and March
is the one who makes the most profit.

In buying cows for the dairy do not
judge them for quantity of milk alone;
quality pays.

To improve the butter output a Jer-
sey or Guernsey bull is the best addition
to the herd. His calves will be an im-
provement on their mothers, and may
be bred back again to the sire resulting
in still greater improvement.

If there are odors in the dairy, no
gilt-edged butter will be made. A bad
smell there means something wrong.

There is no place in the dairy busi-
ness for half hearted work. The mar-
gin of profit is small, there is much to
learn, and competition is keen. Only
by hard work and enthusiastic persis-
tence can success be reached.

A few of the farmers around Boston
have adopted a promising branch of the
stock business. They raise choice fam-
ily cows and sell them to customers
who keep only one cow, and are will-
ing to pay a good price for one which
they know to be all right. The prices
are from \$75 up, or considerably more
than the same grade of cow would
bring in the open market.

Our cut this week illustrates the
Gardner strawberry, which is said to
be of remarkable productiveness, being
excelled by few others in this respect,
setting as much fruit as the Parker
Earle. The berries are large, crimson,
very firm, and of excellent quality. In
firmness and ability to hold up well in
shipping, it is said to be one of the
best, being suitable for shipping to dis-
tant markets on this account. The
plant is a good grower, being strong,
robust and healthy. Its chief recom-
mendations are productiveness, firm-
ness and general adaptability to all
soils, whilst its good quality, partaking
somewhat of the wild strawberry flavor,
increases its value for home use.



THE GARDNER STRAWBERRY.

Money in Chestnuts.

Every year the fruit market becomes
more and more overcrowded and the
price averages lower and lower. Im-
mense new areas in West, Southwest
and Canada are being set to fruit, and
there is every sign that the future com-
petition in our markets will be intense.

This is not to deny that good fruit
will always sell, but the state of things
is causing thoughtful growers to in-
vestigate less prominent branches of agri-
culture and horticulture in which there
is less prospect of over-competition.

Fifty years ago hardly any one
thought of growing fruit as a business.
At the present time only a few make a
specialty of nut culture. There is little
prospect of overcrowding the markets
with nuts of the choicer kinds. In Eu-
rope nuts are considered quite a staple
article of food and are cooked and served
in various ways. Their use is bound to
increase in this country.

The chestnut is the nut for the New
England section, because it will thrive
on our rough, sterile upland, as well as
in good soil, and bear good crops, al-
though the growth may be compara-
tively slow.

The tree thrives well upon gravelly
hillsides; rocks are no hindrance, for
the product will not be injured.

Nuts intended for planting should be
kept buried in soil as drying will spoil
them for sprouting. As to the best
varieties, it is not easy to advise. The
Paragon, Numbo and other large vari-
eties are quite popular among chestnut
planters, and they sell well in the mar-
kets. These large nuts have a fine ap-
pearance, but the quality is not equal to
that of the small kinds. The grower
will do well to experiment with some
of the native varieties that can be found
near his location, planting from trees
that produce fine large specimens. An
orchard of first-class chestnuts will pro-
duce about as much value as an apple
orchard, and more some years.

Doubtless there is much to be accom-
plished in improving the small varieties
by the same methods that have been
used in improving fruits. But the com-
mon wild chestnuts, by thinning out
the burrs are greatly increased in size
and an annual crop is made nearly cer-
tain.

When trees are grown separately so
that the growth is symmetrical and
rounded they are vastly more produc-

Radishes.

The soil best suited for this vegetable
is a loam rather silicious than otherwise
and rich in alkaline phosphate. It
should be dug a full spade deep, and
well pulverized. The subsoil is best to
be rather hard. Manure should not be
applied at time of sowing if avoidable,
as it is apt to cause the root to be
fibrous and of poor flavor. If employed
it should be in a finely divided putre-

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FOR FORCING.

A moderate hot bed is required with
the mould made fine about eight inches
deep, with a quantity of alkaline phos-
phate well worked in, about four pounds
to each 100 square feet of surface makes
the roots of fine flavor, solid and crisp,
instead of being soft and corky. The
seed is to be sown on the surface and
an additional half inch of fine mould
sifted on it. The seedlings are in gen-
eral up in less than a week, and in four
weeks they will be ready to draw.
When the mould appears at all dry, a
light watering must be given. The
plants must not stand nearer than two
inches to each other.

The temperature required is from 50
degrees to 70 degrees, and it must be
kept to this heat.

Radishes germinate quickly and grow
rapidly.

If pushed from the start they are
very tender, but when the process of
growth is slow or retarded they are
hard and tough. Large size in not as
desirable as crispness, flesh and good
flavor, and if they are used before fully
matured will be more highly relished.
The time of drawing radishes is by no
means indifferent. They eat in the
greatest perfection if pulled in the morn-
ing before the sun has attained any
power, and laid in a cool damp place
until wanted.

The bed should have a plentiful water-
ing the morning before that on which
they are taken, but none afterward un-
til subsequent to the drawing. Contin-
uous sowing can be made as the plants
are drawn. If the seeds are manured
before being planted, they will be up in
three days after sowing, this gives them
a vigorous start and continued strong
growth till matured.

ANDREW H. WARD.

The early employer gets the pick of
the hired men.

THE PLOUGHMAN

Farmers' Meeting

Was held in Wesleyan Hall, 36
Bromfield Street, Boston, Mass.,
Feb. 12, 1898, at 10 o'clock A. M.
Essay by George H. Ellis of West
Newton, Mass. Subject: "The
Production of Milk for a First-
Class Market."

At the PLOUGHMAN Farmers' Meeting
held at Wesleyan Hall on the morning
of Saturday, Feb. 12, the above subject
was considered. Mr. O. B. Hadwen of
Worcester, presided. In calling the
meeting to order he said:

This is a very important subject, not
only to the industry of the common-
wealth, but for the good living and sat-
isfaction of the people. It has been my
opportunity to engage in the milk busi-
ness for fully half a century, and in that
time I think I have learned something
in relation to making milk for first-class
families. People are not disposed to
pay for silk and only have to. Many
people are disposed to pay for a good
article when they are sure of obtaining
it. And when people buy milk for a
first-class article they want it,—not hap-
azard, not occasionally, but every
time. The subject includes also the
feeding and care of cattle, the sanitary
conditions, and all the essentials con-
nected with milk producing. But the
chair does not propose to forestall the
lecture which we are to have, which I
know will pay you all for coming.

Mr. Hadwen then introduced Mr.
George H. Ellis of Wauwinet Farm,
West Newton, who spoke as follows:

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:
I have not proposed to read an essay or give
a lecture, but simply to talk right from my
own experience. This may make the talk
seem, in a sense, egotistical. It is not so in-
tended.

In using the term "first-class trade," I use
the words in their best sense, meaning people
who know what good milk is, who appreciate
it, and are willing to pay for it. These people
are not always found among the wealthies.
We all agree, I doubt not, that the essentials
for the successful production of milk for such
customers are quality, care of cattle and pro-
ducts, and economy of production and in hand-
ling. The quality must be of the very best
which necessitates the best of cattle, giving a
good quantity and high quality of milk. The
cattle should be kept in light, well-ventilated
barns, carefully cleaned, fed with the best
food and supplied with the best water. The
milking should be carefully done, the milk well
strained and quickly and thoroughly cooled.
It need not be delivered immediately, it should
be kept in a cool place, at a temperature as
near 40 degrees as possible. And everything
should be planned for the best possible results
with the least possible expenditure of money
and labor. In other words, the same business
principles should be applied which would be
necessary to make a success of any other com-
mercial or manufacturing enterprise.

Having stated these essentials, I am now in-
clined to tell you something of how we do these
things at Wauwinet Farm. I ought perhaps
to say first that I am a thorough believer in
farming, a thorough lover of it. Born and
brought up on a farm I never imbibed that an-
tipathy to farming which a great many of our
young men seem to have, and it has always
been my hope that I might some time retire
from business, and be able to handle a first-class
farm in a first-class manner.

My own farm is still in the process of evolu-
tion. It began with two cows, Jersey grades,
bought in 1890 of a neighbor, who desired that
I should supply him with milk rather than that
his own stable should be burdened with cows.
Other neighbors called for it, and without go-
ing into details I will say that without any ad-
vertising, but being placed advantageously in
the centre of the city of Newton, the product
has grown to about sixteen hundred quarts a
day, all delivered within a radius of three and
a half miles of the farm, delivered twice a day
fresh from the cows. This has been done al-
most literally without any pushing, simply by
the quality of the milk itself and the oppor-
tunity for people to see the source from which
it comes. The result has naturally confirmed
me in the belief that people are willing to pay
for a good thing if they are sure of getting it.

Our cattle are mostly Jersey and Jersey
grades. Our herd which now numbers from
250 to 300 has had to be increased largely by
purchase, because we have not yet had time
to grow nearly all our own stock. In the pur-
chase we have in mind, so far as possible, pur-
chase and quality both. At our request, Mr. Ar-
thur Hudson, the milk inspector for Newton,
made in 1896 a test of the milk, taking eleven
samples as the milk was running into the milk
jars, at different times through the afternoon.
The result was: percentage of butter fat, 5.075
per cent; total solids, 14.8 per cent. In 1897,
at a time when we had largely increased the
herd with fresh cows, we had another test
made. The result of seven samples, taken in
the same way, was: fat, 4.337 per cent; total
solids, 14.496 per cent. At the same time we

took a sample of what we call "baby milk;"
for we keep from five to seven cows from
which milk is drawn especially for children,
some of the physicians in our vicinity feeling
that Jersey milk is too rich for some children.
This milk, when tested, showed: fat, 3.96 per
cent; total solids, 14.04 per cent. This will in-
dicate that quality has had a good deal to do
with the increase of our out-put. But in reach-
ing this percentage we have not altogether sac-
rificed quantity. I have not had an opportu-
nity, since I was invited to speak here, to go
through our books for the complete returns.
But taking our best 21 cows for the year 1896
they averaged 7191 pounds, 15 ounces of milk.
In 1897, twenty-three cows (not necessarily the
same) averaged 7476 pounds, 10 ounces. The
highest product of any one cow was a little
less than 10,000 pounds in the full year. This
product, in some cases, was from registered
Jerseys, in others from high grades; and in al-
cases, although we have not adopted the Bab-
cock test, we know from our cream test that
the quality, even from these large milkers, is
good.

It is our aim to raise our own stock. It is
an open question whether this is economy,
which is to be settled by the results of raising
one's own stock and by the cost of so doing.
We do find that the percentage of good cows
from our own raising is far above that of the
average of the cows which we can buy. That
comes partly from the fact that the head of our
herd is Sir Michael Stoke-Pogis, son of Stoke-
Pogis 3th, the very best breeding for both qual-
ity and quantity. His stock give uniformly
rich milk and almost uniformly large quantities
of it. A paragraph in last week's PLOUGH-
MAN is in line exactly with our theories and our
practice. It was to the effect that the whole
profit of the cow, and therefore the added value
of the cow, comes between the amount of milk
that is required to pay her cost of keeping and
the amount that she gives you to sell. I doubt
if many of us really appreciate the difference
in value of the cow who gives a larger quantity,
even where milk brings but two and a half or
three cents a quart. There may be a difference
of fifty per cent, or a hundred, or even 150 per
cent, in the value of the cows. Until we fairly
appreciate that and live up to it, we have not
mastered the first principle of economy in the
production of milk.

I was always a firm believer in light and air,
and in building I have aimed to cover these
points. My own barns are built with light
frame, the dome roof, giving two tiers win-
dows. Nearly one-half of the lengthwise sur-
face is windows. And as one-half the windows
above and below, tip in after the fashion of some
of our best horse-stables, we are able to leave the
windows open without exposing the animals to
draughts. This first barn was built with the
swivel stanchion, and has been a pretty satis-
factory arrangement. A gutter behind the ani-
mals takes care of all the droppings, and a cart
passing behind the cattle twice a day enables
us to keep the barn very clean. But, obliged
as we are to keep our cows in the barn much
of the time, I was never satisfied with seeing them
tied; and a year ago I tried an experiment
which, to my mind, is a great success. We
have now a second barn, 87 by 125 feet, cheaply
built, with dome roof, balloon pattern, the roof
covered with Neponset paper, clapboarded on
the sides. In that barn are ninety-two pens for
cows, each seven feet by nine. These pens
have no floors; we fill in first with gravel or
loam, then about six inches of sand, and plan-
ing-mill shavings on top, these because we have
no straw in the neighborhood. While I doubt
the manual value of shavings, the aromatic
effect, and the absorption of odors, and perhaps
gases, by them, is a great advantage. In these
pens cows are kept loose. In one corner of
each is running water, that is, an iron basin
connected by pipes with the controlling tank,
and on the floor side a man ger in which is
placed their food. As soon as they have eaten
that manger, being hinged, is thrown up, caught
by a self-acting snap, and held closed. The
water basins have galvanized iron covers; all
the cows learn to raise that cover within
twelve hours after being put into the pen. Thus
our water and our food-trough are kept clean.
All our cows are supposed to be, and usually
are, groomed every day; there is literally no
accumulation of filth. It is a little more labor
to take care of these cows, but the results war-
rant us in believing that the difference in the
product more than makes up for any extra
cost in handling and in keeping clean. These
pens are on each side of nine foot driveways,
through which goes a cart, made of boiler iron
so hinged that it is readily turned, and when
filled it is driven on a platform where the loam,
ening of a sun damps it and it cleans itself
thoroughly.

Our intention is to carry all the droppings
away from the farm every day, except in ex-
ceedingly bad weather. In the edge of a side
hill we have dug and stoned a place into which
we back one of the city caravans some fifteen
feet long and five feet wide, with sides and ends
made for the purpose. Our dumping cart is
driven up an incline, backed in over this wagon
and dumped through three scuttle-holes, which
saves any work in leveling.

Not infrequently a cow will get stiff in the
stanchions, or will seem a little disturbed from
one cause or another; but when removed to
these pens she will almost invariably recover
and will go back to her usual flow of milk, or
even increase it. So we are satisfied that this is
not only a humane way of treating cattle, but
that it is, for any farmer who must keep his
cows housed much of the time, an economical
way as well.

It is our aim to keep the cattle so clean that
there will be practically no filth in the milk
pails, and our men are doing that work well.
Some weeks ago a gentleman and his wife who
(Continued on Second Page.)

FARMERS' MEETING.

(Continued from First Page.)

were visiting the farm asked to see the stables, which were the milk of 143 cows had been strained. The lady congratulated me on our success at keeping things clean; she said that that stables did not contain so much dirt as she had seen, in her childhood days on a farm, from a single stall. And I should say the same thing. It is practical to keep things clean. Every milker has his brush, and is supposed to brush each cow before milking, but the cow is also kept clean all the time.

Our milk is carried at once to the straining tank, which is in one end of the barn. Leading from the tank, which holds about forty quarts, is a pipe running through into the milkroom, which is kept closed against the barn. The milk is strained as quickly as possible after coming from the cow. It has hardly lost a particle of its temperature as it comes through on to the cooler. We use the Star cooler; and instead of running water through it, wishing to control the temperature thoroughly, we have adopted a refrigerating process. Last summer we put in a complete plant, with a gas engine and a cold storage room, which is lined with ammonia pipes. In that storage room we placed a large steel tank filled with brine, connected by a pipe to a small pump. When we begin cooling we start the pump, and the brine circulates from the pump to the cooler, then back from the cooler into the top of the tank. The temperature of the brine is from 20 to 30 degrees; it is pumped thru the cooler, and the milk, coming in at the top at 90 to 95 degrees, freezes at the bottom of the cooler if we allow enough brine to go through. The man who is filling the jars keeps watch of a thermometer, and controls the flow of the brine by a little hand valve. We cool the milk to from 35 to 40 degrees. The milk runs steadily from this cooler into a child's bottling machine, not being allowed to accumulate at all. We use an eight bottle machine, and the work is done very rapidly. We use the Common Sense jar, and the jars are instantly capped. Nearly all our milk goes out immediately; a team is waiting at the door, and as soon as enough is bottled the team is loaded and goes off, and the next team comes up. Any milk that is left over is put at once into this cold storage room, the temperature of which is kept at or below 40 degrees. This absolute control of the temperature, I realize, is not practicable in smaller dairies; but you can very nearly approach it by the use of ice, which is not very costly. And this refrigerating apparatus itself, once installed, is very inexpensive.

That brings our milk almost to the customers. A gentleman said who called at the farm a few weeks ago, "That milk is on the steady go from the time the milker takes it from the cow until somebody is drinking it at the supper table," and that is pretty nearly true. In our case, our conditions are different from most. But cooled to a temperature of 40 degrees and held there, milk will keep a long time. There will be very little trouble with it if it is drawn from healthy cows and in a clean way.

In the delivery of our milk, we use the Parsons low-down wagon, finding that a man can deliver a great deal more with the old-fashioned wagon, the cost being no more.

For washing the jars and milk-pails, we have a Winchester steam-heater, with two wash trays, the water of one of which is kept boiling hot. To my mind the ideal thing is a sterilizing plant, in which the milk-pails and jars should be placed after they are washed, but a thorough washing with boiling water pretty well covers the point.

I have touched in various ways already upon the question of economy. Economy in feeding is one of the things we all have to consider. It costs me a good deal more to make ensilage than it would on an ordinary farm, and until I had figured pretty carefully, and experimented in a small way it seemed to me that I could hardly afford to make ensilage at all. Land about me is worth from \$2,000 to \$10,000 an acre, and a man cannot farm for very much of it. I lease a good deal of land, but very few of my cows are within less than three miles of my silo, and thus the cost is greatly increased. Then the land, even as leased land, is high: I have paid as much rental for single year as many of us would pay for the full purchase price of land a little way back in the country. A year ago last summer I had one field of corn that cost, for rental, twenty dollars an acre; but it was an old market-garden, full of fertilizer, and we got a tremendous crop. It is better for me to pay that price for land near home than to take land that has been offered me for nothing, some little distance away, which was stony and run out. There is a matter wherein I think we have been mistaken: it pays to heavily fertilize land, and to grow a large crop, the cost for labor being practically no more, except in harvesting.

I early came to the opinion that one must have ensilage to get full product from the cows. Even situated as I am, I can buy no food which will take its place. Even at its cost to me, it is cheaper than hay and grain. I built my first silo of the round pattern, obtaining the plans from the Wisconsin Experiment Station. It was 24 feet in diameter, and 20 1/2 feet deep. It was a great success. Two years after I cut that silo to two, raised the upper part twelve feet, making it 24 feet by 32 1/2 feet. I have never had experience with a square silo. We have practically no waste. We aim to have our corn well placed before cutting. Our feed at the present time is: ensilage, thirty to thirty five pounds; grain, eight to ten pounds; clover hay, seven pounds. Our grain at the present time is mixed as follows: one hundred pounds linseed meal, one hundred pounds cottonseed meal, one hundred pounds corn meal, four hundred pounds wheat middlings, five hundred pounds wheat bran, five hundred pounds dried brewer's grain. Until recently we have used no corn meal, and now it forms by weight only one seventeenth of the feed, and by bulk a good deal less; but our ensilage not being as good as usual we thought it best to put in corn meal. Of this mixture we feed on the average nine pounds a day. Some of our cows eat a good deal less, some of our heavier milkers some what more. At our home farm we make no hay; but we have been able to buy clover hay at a reasonable price, and are feeding that with first-rate results. This would not be considered a heavy feed; we do not so consider it; but we think that cattle will stand year in and year out on a feed like that.

One matter of economy we need to consider which, in my young days on a farm, was never thought of, and that is the necessity, particularly if you cover much ground, of loading both ways. Emphasis has been placed upon that recently in two or three of our agricultural papers; too much emphasis cannot be placed upon it. Some of my ensilage is raised six miles from home this season. As an experiment I bought a round slave silo, twenty feet by thirty, put it into the cornfield, filled it there, and began emptying it almost as soon as we had filled it. A team starts early in the morning loaded with manure from the barn; after unloading in the field the wagon is thoroughly cleaned, loaded with the ensilage from the silo, and reaches home in time for the feed-

ing in the afternoon. The cost of handling for the six miles is thus reduced to a minimum. In our handling of the cattle there is one thing more which may interest some gentlemen here. At the home farm in West Newton we keep and milk 143 cows. At Kendall Green, five miles away, we are now milking twenty-eight cows, the milk being cooled with ice-water. We only milk there through the winter; in the summer so many people are away that we can supply our customers from the home farm. At Concord, we have our young stock and dry stock; we have at the present time thirty milk cows at Concord, dry. As soon as two, three or four of these may be fresh and ready to come down, one of our heavy teams, a low-down wagon built for the purpose, takes as many cows from the home barn (the smallest milkers, of course) as may be ready at Concord, carries them over to Kendall Green, which is directly on the road to Concord, drops them there, takes from there the same number of those that are nearly dry, goes on to Concord and drops them, loads with the three or four fresh milkers, and brings them down to the home farm. That rotation enables us to keep our dry stock and our calves where the cost is least, and helps toward economical production.

One point I have not touched upon, in which many will not agree with me. I believe that the man who attempts to produce milk for a discriminating trade must have his cattle tuberculin tested. My own position on this matter is so well known, and is so antagonistic to many others, that I will not go into it. But I do wish to say here that, from a business standpoint, the opposition to the tuberculin test has been very seriously overcome, and will react. From the best information we can obtain from scientific journals and scientific men, the belief in the danger of tuberculosis, and in the necessity for detecting it, is growing instead of decreasing. The time is not far distant when the first-class trade will demand that milk shall come from tuberculin tested cows, or from cows handled by some process other than the physical examination, in which I have almost no confidence. When that demand is made, the contractor, without the intervention of any law but the economic law, will find that he must have supply from tuberculin tested cattle. And the farmer will then find that, while the contractor will not take his milk unless the cow is tuberculin tested, he has educated the legislature up to the belief that tuberculin is a humbug. He will have to have his cattle tested in order to sell his milk, and he will have to do it at his own expense. For if he comes to the legislature asking for payment he will be in the wrong position in the past. From my own experience, if the legislature should tomorrow refuse to appropriate money for tuberculin testing, I should continue the tuberculin test in my herd. And this is not simply because my customers would expect it. Tuberculin tested cows are better in the long run than those not tested. My veterinary bills used to be considerable; in the last eight months I have paid out just two dollars for such services, in a herd running from 250 to 300 cows, where I have sometimes in earlier years paid \$150. The tuberculin test has taken out of the herd the weaker cows that would have been susceptible to other diseases as well as tuberculosis.

I think I have now covered, not as an essayist or a lecturer would have done, but as a farmer might, most of the points that occur to me. But I am ready to give any information that we have, as to what we have learned from our experience.

DISCUSSION.

At the close of Mr. Ellis's essay, the chairman, Mr. O. B. Hadwen, announced the meeting open for discussion, whereupon Mr. Ellis stated his willingness to give the audience any points desired in the handling of his farms.

Mr. Thatcher: There is one point, regarding the care of the vessels,—these must be handled with special care?

Mr. Ellis: We have a Winchester steam heater.

Mr. Thatcher: I meant, how do you clean your milk vessels?

Mr. Ellis: We have steam. We have two wash trays, and the water in these trays is heated and kept very hot indeed. Our bottles are washed in these trays, and so are our milk pails. We haven't the ideal thing in my mind, as yet. We should have a sterilizing plant, in which all these vessels should be placed after being washed. But everything is washed and kept bright and clean in this very hot water.

Mr. Frost: I think we have listened to a very able essay indeed, and I think it is perfectly safe for the essayist to give the audience his methods, for I know of only two men in this audience who are able to begin on his methods.

Mr. Ellis: Remember, I did not begin on that method. I began with two cows.

Mr. Frost: It is no wonder the essayist sells his milk with the barns he has described, with their cupolas, etc., and cleaned twice a day, and the milk of 200 cows,—who can copy him? Who can go to work on his methods? There is also something a little sad to me in this—a man who has got a competency, more than he wants, is doing the young man a great injury to run such an extensive business as he is running! It does not give young men a chance! Who is going to buy milk out of such sheds as the great majority keep their cattle in, after looking over the essayist's barns? Why, they would give two cents more; I would! Then he lives in a very aristocratic part of the city. That makes a great difference. I think it is too bad for men who have more than they want, to discourage so many young men!

Mr. Ellis: I really wondered what fault Mr. Frost would find. Let us start with the beginning of my herd. I had only two cows. I have not the competence that he thinks I have. If I had, I should not probably be running a farm. I began with these cattle in a hen shed—anybody here can do that. When I bought these two cows I speak of, I started in to use it. Mr. W. H. Bowker whom I happened to meet, said to me, "What are you doing?"

I said, "I am just putting in a floor." He said: "Don't you do it! Put your cows right on the earth." Anybody can do that. This hen-shed was fifteen feet wide and forty feet long. I did go to the expense of taking out the glass and boarding it up. It was with the cattle in that shed that we laid the foundation of this business. In that shed, which we kept well whitewashed, our customers came to see where their milk came from, and were sufficiently well pleased with the surroundings to tell their friends that that was the place to come and get their milk.

When you come to talk about barns with cupolas, I have barn accommodations for 159 cows. Those barn accommodations with the whole fittings, everything, have cost me less than \$12,000. This is not a very high price per cow. That includes every fitting in the place.

Now, query: When we educate people, as we have done in Newton, to use much larger quantities of milk, because they are satisfied with the place from which it comes, and with the quality, are we doing damage with reference to farming?

My own belief is that it is a comparatively easy matter to educate the people in our cities to use very much larger quantities of milk, and that education has got to start with the farm, and with that we have started it. I have spoken of the apparatus for keeping our milk cool, it is fine! I appreciate that the common farmer cannot do that, but he can with ice. It is very little expense, if he handles it right.

Mr. Hutchins: Personally, I feel very grateful to Mr. Ellis for coming in here and giving us the talk he has. I wish I was thirty years younger, that I might take the lesson. I think we ought to be very grateful for what he is doing in improving the milk for any one city, for what he is doing in Newton with all that he has done so far and later with all of our milk, and in every community where it is supplied.

I spent a week or two not long ago with Professor Sedgwick, who, you know, has given some advice in the working of the Association of the Boards of Health, and you know his views in regard to the purity of milk supply. I believe the time is coming when there will be not only inspectors of milk in our cities, but there will be inspection of our herds. It is not long ago I went to a farm in Massachusetts to hire a man. This place was considered one of the best farms around, and the person said he would like to show me two or three herds of cattle, and took me to the barns. With considerable experience in looking at herds, I must say I had never seen anything so filthy as these herds. I remember asking one of the farmers how often he brushed these cattle? "Oh," he said, "we never have a brush go near them once a year." That milk is sent into a city five miles away, as pretty good milk! But I did not want any such a person on my place.

I believe not only should we have our herds inspected but our barns inspected, and they need it just as much as our houses. They need to go to our barns, and they will do it before long, and I hope they will! I am a little disappointed, and perhaps I am glad that Mr. Ellis did not speak more upon the construction of barns, for I am interested especially in this. At the same time I am glad, because I hope the editor of the PLOUGHMAN will arrange for a paper or talk on the proper construction of barns for cows.

I want to ask Mr. Ellis whether his cattle are de-horned?

Mr. Ellis: Never, with my consent! We buy them so occasionally.

Mr. Hutchins: Do you have a cellar under your barn?

Mr. Ellis: No, sir. There is a wooden floor through the alleys in the large barn. I should have made it concrete if I could afford to, but I am in position where sometime I shall be forced to give up these barns probably. My first barn was built with a concrete floor all through.

Mr. Samuel Cushman: I would like to ask, in case one was thinking of running a farm, a rented farm, for one year, and a dozen cows had been kept successfully and properly on a small farm of fifty acres, but the person that wanted to do this work realized that the stock was kept in an old and inferior way, and he wanted to start in with the most profitable stock that could be procured, even if he only started with one cow,—now, would you advise the average farmer, who has no more capital than he wishes to run his barns with each year as he goes along, would you advise him to buy a heavy milker, that would show the greatest profit, according to the milk of the Babcock test? Also, would you advise him to get a pure breed, or a high grade, and what breed would you advise him to get? Would you advise every farmer, if he were going to have a silo, to buy this same silo you mentioned, and build it right on top of the ground, and leave it in the field nearest where he produces his corn?

Mr. Ellis: As to the silo,—No, I would not advise it in that way, for the reason that you will have a great deal of frozen ensilage, and I do not believe a silo for continuous use economical. Theoretically, it can be easily moved when the time comes, for any reason it is necessary.

Mr. Cushman: Suppose a farmer rents a farm, would it pay him to buy the silo?

Mr. Ellis: No, sir, not for one or two years; he could not afford to.

The question you asked about cattle is pretty hard to answer. It depends upon what you are going to do with your milk. Sell it at the door, to a nice class of customers, or how? If not, then you are not selling to the customers themselves, you are not laying the foundation for a business, a permanent business, and the question presents itself to you quite differently than as if you were looking for retail customers, when quality would count for a great deal more. I should not, under these circumstances, purchase thorough bred stock, unless I could buy just as cheaply. The only advantage in thorough bred stock is to my mind, that in breeding from them you know what you have got. You can trace back to the ancestors.

Mr. Cushman: If they are bred from pure bred bulls, they would be all right?

Mr. Ellis: That depends: There are pure bred bulls, and—pure bred bulls. This question is pretty hard to answer and a grade cow that would give milk which would be considered satisfactory to a man who was to take your milk would be as good an animal as I think you could purchase.

Mr. Cushman: One other point: Would you buy the cow that would give the greatest yield of milk, and show, according to records, the greatest profit? That is, will it pay "the year" farmer to get the high priced cow?

Mr. Ellis: It depends somewhat upon the prices he gets for his milk. Every man must figure that for himself. It she will give you four quarts more a day than the other cow, and you get three cents a quart, for the milk, or approximate, that is, twelve cents a day which would be from \$36 to \$40, that would represent the profit in one year. So that from the purely economic standpoint, you could afford to pay more than \$40 difference.

Mr. Cushman: If you wanted two cows, where would you get them? Would you go to Brighton or some breeder, where would you hunt up such first-class cows?

Mr. Ellis: If there is any one here that can answer that question, I wish he would.

Mr. Cushman: How have you done?

Mr. Ellis: All ways.

Mr. Cushman: Which is the best?

Mr. Ellis: We have bought in New York, Vermont and from other sources.

Mr. Cushman: What has given you satisfaction?

Mr. Ellis: The best you can do.

Mr. Cushman: Can you tell us how you succeeded best?

Mr. Ellis: I have not succeeded at all satisfactorily. I shall expect to succeed better when we breed our own stock, notwithstanding they cost us considerable more.

Mr. Cushman: It is a kind of lottery to go into it?

Mr. Ellis: It is a good deal of a lottery.

Mr. Warren: Perhaps I can give a little information in this silo business. Silos are not adapted to a person who is going to keep a few cows. I have had some experience in this. To feed ensilage unless a person has at least eight cows or more, would not be good policy. On these grounds, in feeding with a silo, you don't want to feed too much. If you have only a small herd of cattle you have got to feed more ensilage than you ought to feed so as to keep it from spoiling.

Mr. Hadwen: Do these cows have any out-door exercise?

Mr. Ellis: They do in the summer, very little in the winter; we don't feel safe in letting them out much when there is snow or ice. Our cows are housed the year around. We take care of the fly question by taking out all the windows and putting in their place blinds, which are hung by driving a wire nail in so you can throw them

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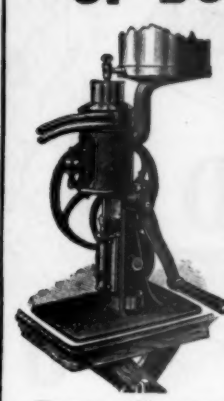
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THE HOUSEHOLD.

IN THE WINTER WOODS.

What did I find in the winter woods?
Only snow-drifts, you say, and trees,
Their dark stems rising like warriors grim,
While their bare boughs wave in the sighing breeze;

A half-starved rabbit, perhaps, in the gloom,
And a sigh for the vanished summer bloom.
All these, and a thing or two beside.
A vine cast a shadow on the snow,
In rarest scroll-work. A true friend,
By fairy hands had been decked, I know,
For a Christmas frolic. Its green boughs
Hung with crystal lamps that glittered and swung.

A flock of birds, with soft gray breasts,
Brooded, silent and watchful, above a mound,
Low and white, like a woodland grave.
Where a dead hope might lie. I found
The track of some beast that had fled in haste
From human eyes, o'er the snowy waste.

A peaceful stillness the arcades filled
Of the vast cathedral, gray and old,
Till a rosy sunset crept under the trees,
And the silent forest a garden stood,
In warmth and color and light arrayed.
These
Are some things I found in the winter woods.
—Alice Gordon.

MY DOLL ADELAIDE.

BY CLARE C. THOMAS.

It happened a long while ago, when I was a very little girl. I am almost fourteen now, so of course I don't play with dolls any longer. In fact, I never cared much for them after I gave up my doll Adelaide. I named her Adelaide after my older sister, for they looked very much alike. Both had large brown eyes and curly brown hair, only sister's had little speckles of red in it.

I shall never forget the day that I lost my lovely child. I was riding her up and down the avenue, and neither of us were thinking of danger when suddenly a big dog appeared, overturned the little doll buggy, and began to bark fiercely. I set the carriage up again and ran off as fast as I could. When I reached home and looked in the carriage Adelaide was gone!

It was growing too dark for me to go back, so I had no hope of finding her again. When I told sister about it she was almost as sorry as I was, and putting on her hat she went out to search for my lost darling. She hunted up and down the avenue for a long while, and even asked some of the passers-by if they had seen anything of the poor child. Finally a young man, hearing her question, drew my Adelaide out of his coat pocket! He had been waiting, he said, for some little girl to claim her; but as he had missed seeing me he would come home with sister, so that I could thank him myself. Wasn't that nice of him? But the queerest part of it was that when I did thank him he was so busy talking to sister that he did not hear me.

I never quite understood just how it happened, but after that Mr. Bob Tremaine—that was the young man's name—used to come up very often to see sister, and he always asked me about my lovely Adelaide. He seemed to be very fond of her, and once he told me that I must never throw her away, for he wanted her after I tired of her. I thought that was queer, for generally young men do not care for dolls.

One night, quite a long while afterward, sister went to a fancy dress party. She looked awfully cute, for she was dressed just like a little girl, with her hair hanging in two long braids, and she carried my doll, Adelaide. I went with her down into the parlor, where Mr. Bob was waiting for her. She had been afraid that he would not like her dress, so she asked him in just the way I do when I think I am going to be scolded—

"Do I look like a little girl?"

Then his eyes were all shiny, and he took hold of both of her hands as he said—

"Yes, and you are, one—my little girl."

I had never seen either of them act so queerly before, so I thought that I would go.

Of course I was in bed when they came home, but sister told me that something very important had happened that night.

The very next day Mr. Bob came up and talked a long while with mamma. I noticed when sister came out of the room that she had a pretty sparkly ring on her finger, and Mr. Bob was looking at her just as I look at candy when mamma says—

"You can have some in a little while, Margaret, if you are good."

After that Mr. Bob was there every day, and the other young men did not come very often. I was glad of it for I liked Mr. Bob best. He always talked to me as if I was of importance, and he did not call me Midget, as Mr. Lincoln did. I did not like Mr. Lincoln a bit, and I knew that sister did not, either, for once when Susan brought her card up to her, I saw her make a little face, just as I do when I have to take nasty medicine.

One evening he stayed a very little while, for I was still staying with Adelaide out in the hall when he went. Just to tease me, I suppose, he picked the child up, kissed her and put her in his pocket, pretending that he was going to take her with him. I was very angry, and washed Adelaide's face after he was gone.

The next day, when I was sitting quietly on Mr. Bob's knee, he asked—

"Well, Margaret, what are you thinking about?"

"I was thinking how much nicer you are than Mr. Lincoln," I said slowly. "I don't like Mr. Lincoln."

"We agree there," he said laughing.

"Was very angry with him last night when he kissed Adelaide. I don't like to have any one but you kiss Adelaide."

All of a sudden Mr. Bob looked very white and queer, just as if he had swallowed a pin and was going to choke.

"Tom Lincoln kissed Adelaide?" he said so sternly that I quite jumped.

"Are you sure, Margaret?"

"Why, of course I am! You know that I never tell stories, Mr. Bob. I was when he was going, you know; she was sitting in the hall chair, and—"

"What did your sister say to it?"

"Oh, she didn't mind; she only laughed. I believe she liked him to do it," I added crossly, for I was angry with sister for not scolding him.

Mr. Bob began to talk to himself. "Lincoln and Adelaide—I would not have thought it possible, although sometimes I have feared—"

Just then sister came in. "Good afternoon, Miss Wyman," he said, as if he were speaking a piece in school. "Your little sister has been telling me some interesting stories. If she were not very truthful they would be hard to believe."

All the pretty color had gone out of sister's face, and she looked very queer, too.

But she is very truthful, she never told a story in all her little life," she said in a very, very quiet way, and kissing me she added, "go now, dear."

I held Adelaide tightly and went out into the hall to think. I saw Mr. Bob's overcoat hanging on the hall tree, so I tucked Adelaide in his pocket.

"Stay there, my dear. I can't play with you now. Mr. Bob is angry with sister and I have done it, but I can't see how. I guess I'll go tell mamma."

But mamma was not home, so not knowing what to do, I went up-stairs and began to cry. Presently I heard the front door close, and I ran down hoping to see mamma. But no one was there. Worse than all, Mr. Bob's overcoat was gone, with Adelaide in the pocket!

I burst into the parlor—no Mr. Bob was there. Sister was lying on the couch with her face in a cushion, and her pretty ring was on the table.

"I want Adelaide," I said. "Where is Mr. Bob?"

"He has gone," she answered, and I knew by her voice that she was crying. "He will never come back—never, never!"

I waited for no more, but darted out of the front door and down the street as fast as my legs would carry me. I saw Mr. Bob far ahead. He was walking slowly, and his head bent as if he was thinking.

"Mr. Bob! Mr. Bob!" I cried as loud as I could. "I want Adelaide! Wa-a-it, Mr. Bob!"

At last I made him hear, for he turned around. He looked as if he wanted to cry but he couldn't.

"I want Adelaide," I said. "She is in your pocket. I put her in there to take a nap while I was busy, and then you went away."

He drew her slowly out of his pocket and looked at her.

"I am going to kiss her, Margaret," he said, and he talked just as I did when I buried my kitty, "for she brought me the only real happiness I ever knew."

"You shan't!" I said, stamping my foot. "You have made sister cry and I hate you! I like Mr. Lincoln ever so much better! I'm sorry I was so cross when he kissed Adelaide. He shall kiss you as often as he wants, shan't he, Adelaide?" And I clutched her tightly.

I started to run, but Mr. Bob stopped me. He looked as if the sun was shining in his face and he could hardly see.

"Look here, Margaret," he said, "did you mean that Mr. Lincoln kissed your doll, Adelaide, last night?"

"Yes, I did, and he can—"

"And did you say that sister was—er—crying when you left?"

"Yes, and I expect she will get sick and die, too," I answered mournfully.

"Come," he said, "put Adelaide back in my pocket and sit up here on my shoulder. We will go to sister and make her laugh again."

He has such big shoulders that it is lots of fun to ride on them, and this time he went faster than he ever had before. We went into the parlor very quietly. He lifted me from his shoulders and going over to the couch put both of his arms around sister.

"My own little girl," he said very low, "can you ever forgive me for doubting you?"

Mr. Bob is a very funny man. He always talks to me as if I was a very big girl and to sister as if she was a little girl than I am.

He had forgotten that Adelaide was still in his pocket, but I had not. However, I went out of the room for quite a little while. When I came back sister had stopped crying, and had her arms around Mr. Bob's neck as she talked to him.

"Mr. Bob," I said very politely, "may I have Adelaide, please? It is time for me to put her to bed."

Mr. Bob took her out carefully.

"Say, Margaret," he said, "if you will give me Adelaide I will send you up to-morrow the biggest and prettiest doll in the city."

I hated to do it, for I loved Adelaide dearly, but he wanted her so much that at last I gave in.

The next day the most beautiful doll that I ever saw came up from the store. I named her Roberta, after Mr. Bob, and I used to play with her sometimes. But, as I said, I never cared much for dolls after I gave up Adelaide.

HELP ONE ANOTHER.

"Help one another," the snowflakes said. As they cuddled down in their fleecy bed. "One of us here would not be felt. One of us here would not be felt. But I'll help you, and you help me. And then what a splendid drift there'll be."

"Anything that God made is worth looking at. We live in no chance world. It has all been thought out. Every where work has been spent on it lavishly—thought and work—loving thought and exquisite work. . . . As the mere work of a great master we are driven to look—deliberately and long—at the things which are seen. . . .

Secondly, God made me to look at them. He who made light made the eye. It is a gift of the Creator on purpose that we may look at the things which are seen. The whole mechanism of man is made with reference to the temporal world—the eye for seeing it, the ear for hearing it, the nerve for feeling it, the muscle for moving about it and getting more of it. He acts contrary to his own nature who harbors even a suspicion of the things which are seen. . . . God has not merely made the world, he has made it conspicuous.—Drummond.

THE HOME CORNER.

FREE PATTERN.

By special arrangements with the BAZAR GLOVE-FITTING PATTERN CO., we are able to supply our readers with the *Jeany Glove Fitting Pattern* at a very low cost. It is acknowledged by every one that these patterns are the simplest, most economical and most reliable patterns published. Full directions accompany each pattern, and our lady readers have been invariably pleased with them in the past. The coupon below must accompany each order, otherwise the pattern will cost the full price.

MASS. PLOUGHMAN COUPON.

Cut this out, fill in your name, address, number and size of pattern desired, and mail it to—
"THE HOME CORNER, MASS. PLOUGHMAN,"
BOSTON, MASS.

Name
Address
No. of Pattern
Size
Enclose ten cents to pay expenses.



7275—Ladies' Cassim Waist with Blouse Front.

The most popular variation of the popular blouse in its indoor form combines the plain back with the puffed front. The model shown is suited to both silk and soft wool stuffs such as cashmere and Henrietta; but as illustrated it is made of white taffeta with perpendicular stripes of pale green over which twine vines of pale rose, the yoke being of plain green satin. The foundation is a fitted lining which closes at the centre-front. The yoke and front of satin are included in the right shoulder seam and hook over on to the left and beneath the left-front while the edges of the waist proper are laid over it and finished with a cord of green silk. The full fronts turn back to form tiny revers that are self-faced, and the left side hooks invisibly into place. The sleeves are two seamed. They show slight fullness at the shoulder where they support the slashed epaulettes which are of the satin lined with silk, and are finished with a cord. The extra length is turned back at the wrists to form narrow cuffs, satin-faced. At the neck is a full collar of the green satin and at the waist a full belt and bow of the same. The whole effect is chic and stylish in the extreme, and while the waist is shown with a skirt of the same material, it is equally suited to the separate bodice worn with a skirt of either black or gray. To make this waist for a lady in the medium size will require four and three-fourths yards of twenty-two inch material, with three-fourths of a yard for yoke and front. This pattern, No. 7275, is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40-inch bust measure. With coupon, 10 cents.



7291—Ladies' Circular Sheath Skirt.

The stylish skirt here shown may be made with or without the front seam, as preferred. The essential features are the sheath-like fit over the hips and the flare at the feet. The seam is used by many leading modistes and omitted by others so that either method is equally in style. As illustrated, the material is plaid showing lines of silk and is mounted upon taffeta with an interlacing of hair-cloth six inches deep; but any wide material is equally suitable and percale or silesta can be substituted for the silk. The front and sides are circular but the back is gored, the fullness being laid in deep plaits which are not visible at the waist line but produce the fan effect. To make this skirt for a lady in the medium size will require three and one-half yards of forty-four-inch material. The pattern, No. 7291, is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30-inch bust measure. With coupon, 10 cents.

There are several new styles in skirts which have lately made their appearance, and as skirts are of vital importance, there is much interest felt as to which will be the favorite of the spring. Says Harper's Bazar: "All skirts will be narrower; that is, around the hips, and many are very much narrower around the foot. On the other hand, there are some quite wide-flaring styles which are to be used in making up silk gowns. The favorite model at present is one of the French ones, which has a very often been described. It has an apron front, which can either be a long point, the end of the point reaching to

within a few inches of the hem of the skirt, or else it can be in a round shape. This is put on to a wide flounce, which at the back extends to the belt, and there are a great many different ways of arranging it. Sometimes the apron is put over the flounce, again it is put under, and there is considerable fullness allowed in the back breadths as well as in the flounce. One modification of the same style has the sides and front of the flounce put on the bias, with the back breadths plain. In this material it is often accordion-pleated, and at the back spreads out like a fan. This is especially smart in taffeta silks; and plain black taffetas with a band of velvet around the bottom of the skirt, and again where the apron is put on, are extremely effective. This model is to be made up in the spring in all the different materials, and as it can be changed to be becoming to any figure, will be in fashion for some time. It is not a very easy skirt to cut and fit, and great care must be taken to have plenty of room in the front piece if it is made for a stout woman, for if it is at all narrow, or dragged up too far towards the back, it will outline the figure in a very awkward and unbecoming way.

Ruffled and flounced skirts will be seen in great quantities this coming season. The only thing to worry about is that they will be such a crazy probability that they soon will become very common. One style is made with small ruffles put on straight around the skirt from waist to hem. Another style has the ruffles shaped so that they meet in a point in the front. Still another has the flounces shaped deeper at the back than in the front; then there are different styles of flounces—some cut in points and put on in box-pleats, others cut in scallops. Some are made quite plain, three deep flounces, one overlapping the other. The skirt on which the flounces are sewn is cut like an ordinary dress skirt, most carefully fitted and hung, but is not so wide as the plain dress skirt. It is made separate from the lining, finished with a wide hem or facing, and no stiffening. The lining is, as a rule, of silk—always, if possible. It is fitted as carefully as a dress itself; it is finished around the foot with a facing, a narrow piece of stiffening, or with a deep flounce, accordion-pleated and trimmed with a ruffle. All the fullness is thrown well to the back, and it is joined to the skirt of the gown at the waistband.

There are many light-weight materials in which flounces and ruffles suit to great advantage. Cloth and heavy materials do not look well, and the flounces drag in an ugly, ungraceful fashion. The stiff silks and the thin summer goods are always effective in anything like ruffles, and already there are many ready-made flounced skirts, principally of stiff taffeta which are very smart and quite expensive.

During the month of February is a good time to commence propagating plants by cuttings, or slips as they are sometimes called, says the Woman's Home Companion.

While often only moderate success is reached in this work, generally the amateur, by carefully watching the progress of the operation, will soon learn just wherein his success or failure lies, and thereby be more reasonably sure of the result of his next attempt. Failure will sometimes come when the amateur will try to root cuttings from some plants which are unusually hard to propagate.

At just what stage the wood, as the branches for propagating are called, is in the best condition to root easily is often difficult to determine, but generally the young wood, which is soft and brittle, will give the best results, although the old wood will often root, but does not make as good plants nor root so quickly.

The cuttings should be made about three inches long, depending somewhat on the nature of the plant. When the eyes, or joints, of the plant are very close together, and the plant naturally makes a short, compact growth, the cuttings may be made smaller.

Sand is the best material to use for a cutting box or bed, and it matters little what kind of sand it is, for general use.

Procure shallow boxes, about ten by twelve inches, and about three and one-half inches deep. In these boxes place sand to a depth of one and a half inches. Water the sand well and you are ready for inserting the cuttings. The proper method of placing the cuttings in the

box is to make a number of deep cuts in the sand with a knife, nearly as deep as the sand, and close enough together so that the rows of cuttings will touch. In these incisions insert the cuttings, so close as just to touch each other. As they are placed in the sand, pinch the sand firmly about each cutting. About half of the cutting should be in the sand and the other half above.

After this is done the sand should be watered well again to settle it firmly about the cuttings, then placed in a warm, light location, where, if possible, some heat may be applied to the bottom of the box, which will hasten the rooting process. While the cuttings should have plenty of warmth and light, it is best to shade them from strong sunlight until rooted.

While rooting, water the cuttings daily, soaking the sand well. They must never be allowed to dry out.

Although it was considered years ago to be quite essential that an eye be left at the end of each cutting, that theory is practically abandoned now, and little attention is paid to it. It is well in making the cuttings to reduce the foliage somewhat by cutting and trimming the leaves.

These frosty nights are capital for bleaching muslin, taking away the brown color and brown odor, says an exchange. The factory smell may be removed by boiling it up in strong suds, using one tablespoonful of pearline to a pailful of cold water, being careful to have sufficient suds to submerge the cloth. Only one-half a piece of muslin can be put into the boiler at once. Allow it to boil fifteen minutes after it comes to the boiling point, stirring it down with the clothes stick. Rinse thoroughly and spread upon clean snow or grass, sprinkling every night for a week, when it will be quite white from the alternate sunning and freezing.

Simple recipes for children's food are given in Trained Motherhood.

Simple Pudding.—Half cup of rice, one quart of milk, two eggs, half cup of sugar, teaspoonful of salt. Boil the rice and milk until it is entirely smooth, then add the eggs while it is hot, and slowly beat in half a cup of sugar and a little salt. Put this mixture into a mold. When cold cut in slices and eat with cream and sugar or maple syrup.

Grandma's Hard Gingerbread.—One and a half cups of molasses, half cup of sugar, one cup of melted butter, one egg, two heaping teaspoonfuls of yellow ginger, one teaspoonful of baking powder and just flour enough to roll very thin. Roll and cut in small square pieces; lay them on a sheet of tin or on the bottom of a new, well greased baking-pan, and bake until crisp and brown in a very quick oven.

Prune Sandwiches.—Stew a pound of the best prunes with a very little of the New Orleans molasses added to the

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OUR HOMES.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

BY THOMAS CALVER.

As some great oak that lifts its rugged form
And spreads its arms upon the mountain's
crown.
With the blows of fierce raging storm
While huddled flocks within its shelter rest;
And then, when sunshine glides the scenes
Arise, and lightening lurks in a passing cloud
Its light is cleft from top to parent ground
Its robe of verdure burnt to rusty shroud.

So Lincoln stood through War's tempestuous
time,
His country's honor sheltered in his heart,
Upon his station's heights, unwavering, sublime,
His Heaven for potent purpose set apart;
And as he saw the angry clouds retire,
His trust yet safe in his own arm,
Then fell the lightning stroke with mission
dire
That left a Nation's soul with anguish torn.

The paths of the gaunt and towering form
The modest ways, the martyr's mournful
eye.
Might well have filled the blackest heart with
shame
Ere it could bid the smiling hand to rise:
The writers of the pathetic smile
That told the story of the buried mind
In reason's light had failed not to beguile
The morbid murderer to mood more kind.

The mountain path to danger often trends,
For every arrow seeks a lofty mark;
A ruler holds the torch of truth and light,
May strike the iron of madness dark
Until they reach not what their acts may bring
Of peril to the welfare of the State;
Nor care they as destruction's shaft they fling
How great the damage, if it be not great.

Lincoln! Lincoln! For his strength above
The Nation's needs he his Nation's praise!
But yet it is his weaker side we love,
His sweet humanity and simple ways,
And though that strength of soul and nerve
And mind
A nation saved and calmed a Nation's fears,
In his kind heart and tender eyes we find
That charm that yet brings forth a Nation's
tears.

THE CHRYSANTHEMUM.

The little Prince lay dying. On the
previous evening, the physicians had
said they could do no more, and the
Emperor had thrown them all into
prison, vowing by his golden crown that
they should lose their heads the next
day.

Then he had sought others. In every
direction messengers had been de-
patched, bringing with them on horse
back, who should publicly proclaim that
white beads, who solemnly nodded
their heads—surrounded by caps of yellow
silk—and murmured sacred words.
Every one of these sages, however,
proved an utter failure. Never before,
declared one and all, had they encoun-
tered such a baffling and mysterious ill-
ness as this, for which, in all the Bud-
dhist scriptures, no prescription was
to be found.

The Emperor was furious. He com-
manded that, with necks in the canyons,
they should be conducted through the
town, preceded by heralds on horse
back, who should publicly proclaim that
these men were sentenced to an ignomin-
ious death, because, whilst pretending
to be saints and sages, they had been
unable to save a son of the Heavens.

And now, standing by the couch of
the suffering child, clad in his golden
armor, with his crown upon his head
and his scimitar at his side, the
Emperor held his son's hand in his
own and waited, but wept not. For it
seemed to him a thing incredible that
Death should dare to touch his child
whilst he—the master—stood by.

Soldiers armed with sabers kept
guard around the bed, standing erect
and motionless in their black uniforms
decorated with the twelve symbolic ani-
mals. Beyond stretched the grand mar-
ble staircase, brilliantly illuminated by
the chandeliers which brazen stalks held
in their beaks. Helmeted gaurds, in
lance in hand, mounted guard around
the palace. On the terraces, archers in
war attire shot arrows at the clouds,
and the bonzes had orders to beat con-
tinually upon their drums and tom-toms.
Surely, if Death should chance to pass
near the palace, all this noise, this blaze
of light, these sabers, arrows, and lan-
cets would suffice to frighten him away!

In the town life seemed suspended.
The junks, with furled sails, lay idle on
the river-bank, and the shops were
closed. Amidst the glare of torches
and the glare of gongs, waiting men
and women, with outstretched arms
and faces pressed against the dirt,
prostrated themselves before the colossus
stone Buddha seated upon a lotus leaf,
whose clasped hands rested upon his
crossed legs.

And in the imperial chamber, under
gold-embroidered silks, still lay and
agonized the little Prince. His wasted
chest heaved painfully; a strange, gasp-
ing sound issued from between his chattering
teeth, and at times his poor little
clenched hands seemed trying to throw
off some invisible weight which oppres-
sed and suffocated him.

In the adjoining apartment, the Em-
press surrounded by her women, who
were lying upon the floor, was herself
kneeling, and, in spite of the silken
hangings and doors of brass, her sobs
reached the ears of the sick boy. He
turned gently toward his father, and,
fixing on him his large, deep eyes, in
which seemed now to burn a mysterious
light, he inquired why his mother was
not at his side, and why all those sol-
diers, with their big sabers, could do
nothing to ease his pain.

At a sign from the Emperor, the
women brandished their lances, the
archers made a rain of arrows around
the palace, and the noise of the tom-
toms was redoubled. Then, looking at his son, the Emperor
said to him:

"Sleep, little Prince, for your trusty
soldiers are watching over you."
But the child's eyes remained wide
open, and his breathing grew less and
less distinct.

Suddenly a commotion arose at the
foot of the staircase, and the Emperor
turned his eyes wrathfully in that direc-
tion. Who had dared to cross the thresh-
old of his palace at such a time? His
hand, disengaging itself from that of
his son, sought the hilt of his scimitar.
Then a soldier appeared in the door-
way, and prostrated himself before his
master.

"Speak!" commanded the Emperor.
"Who dares to intrude upon me?"

"An old man," replied the soldier,
trembling.

"What does he want?"

"To speak with you."

"To speak with me! By my divine
ancestors! I know not what restrains
me from relieving you and your com-
rades of your heads! Return to your
post; I will deal with you later."

The cowed soldier bowed and van-
ished. The others, immovable as brazen
images, and still grasping their naked
swords, awaited calmly whatever might
befall.

But now, from the top of the staircase
came forward an old man. His long
beard, white as snow, descended to his
waist. He was attired in a silken robe,
which time and use had robbed of its
original color. With one hand he leaned
upon a long bamboo stick, in the other
he held a withered chrysanthemum flower.

The Emperor uttered an exclamation
of rage, but before he could make any
further sign, the stranger, stretching
forth his hand, said:

"They allowed me to pass when I
told them I had come to save thy son."
"To save my son! Thou?"

"And the old man, regardless of the
marching soldiers, advanced toward the
bed.

"By the rising sun!" vowed the Em-
peror, "if thou dost, I will have those
who admitted thee shot to death with
arrows; and for thyself I will charge
my executioners to invent the most
cruel tortures!"

The old man smiled.

"When one has reached my age," re-
marked he, "the thread which unites
soul and body is extremely fine and
weak, and the iron of thy execu-
tioners would scarcely torture a corpse."

And as the guards, at a signal from
the emperor, made way, he approached
the bed.

"I come in time," he said, gazing
upon the child, who now lay perfectly
still and apparently unconscious; "but
if thy soldiers had not permitted me to
pass, thy son would have been dead at
this moment."

The Emperor trembled. This old
man's words impressed him strangely.

"And thy remedy?" he inquired.

"This chrysanthemum flower, which
I have but to lay upon thy son's heart,
and his cleansed blood shall flow with
new life through his veins."

"Do so, then!"

But the old man answered, with a
smile: "It is necessary that I should
first know what you are willing to give
me in exchange."

The Emperor's anger broke forth
afresh.

"Wretch!" exclaimed he, "stopping
to discuss the price of a service, when
thou avest that danger to be imminent!
Knowest thou not that I am the mas-
ter?"

"Of our lives, perhaps; of our wills,
never," was the sage's calm reply to
this outburst.

"He who lies there, I would have
these men remember, is thy Emperor's child,
the offspring of the gods who reign in
the depths of the clouds!"

"Every child of man is also a child
of God, and if thou wert thyself a deity,
thou wouldst have no need of an old
man's aid."

"I have a mind to slay thee in the
first place, and then to possess my-
self of thy mysterious faded flower!"

"Death, as I have told you already,
has for me no terror. I am now so
aged—I have lived so long—that I de-
sire nothing more than eternal repose.
But in order to render my remedy ef-
ficacious, it is needful that I should apply
it myself."

"Then state the number of ingots
which thou requirest, and they shall be
paid down at once."

"Riches are but vanity, and had I
wished for gold, the sacred bonzes would
have directed me where to obtain it. In
the retirement of my cave, wherein I
have lived without other nourishment
than a few grains of ginger or nempah
and the pure water of a brook, I have
always been wealthier than thou, with
thy gold-swollen coffers and imperial
treasures."

"Dost thou desire honors?"

"Wherefore should I do so? They
are playthings which please youth; at
my age they amuse no longer."

"Listen, then," said the Emperor. "I
will build thee a magnificent temple.
One hundred columns of bronze over-
laid with gold shall support the mighty
roof. A thousand lanterns of iron and
stone work shall be illuminated perpen-
dicularly, by day and night. In the center
I will erect thy statue. Bonzes shall
chant thy praises to the sound of gongs
and drums, and I will punish with
death every one who refuses to bow be-
fore thee."

Again the stranger shook his head.

"Temples are built to enshrine statues
of the gods, and no mere man has the
right to compel another human being to
worship him."

"What wilt thou, then? Tell me, and
I will obey."

As the Emperor uttered these words,
he bowed his head for the first time in
his life. He continued:

"Dost thou covet the half of my king-
dom?—my palace?—my cavaliers in sil-
ver armor?"

But the old man still shook his head.
Suddenly the sick child gave a long sigh,
his hands stiffened, his head drooped;
his mouth opened, but no sound came
therefrom.

"He is dead!" cried the Emperor.
And flinging the scepter at the old
man's feet, he exclaimed:

"Take that, if it is the supreme power
which you ask! To me it is good for
nothing, seeing that I am powerless to
shield my own son from pitiless Death!"

Falling upon his knees, he pressed his
lips upon the child's ice-cold hands,
while tears rained from his eyes.

The soldiers, astounded at beholding
their Emperor weep, knelt also. The
noise of the tom-toms ceased suddenly.
A great silence brooded now over the
vast, richly decorated chamber, where
the only person who remained standing
was the aged, white-bearded mendicant.
The sun shone into the room, and his
cheerful rays glinted upon the arms of
the soldiers and gold embroideries.
Without, on the camellias and bamboos
of the imperial garden, the birds were
caroling gaily. Their songs were for a
moment the only sounds which broke the
solemn silence within.

Then the old man extended his hand,
and gently laid the chrysanthemum first
upon the lips, afterward upon the heart,

of the little patient. The remedy took
immediate effect. The still heart
went to work again, the lips regained
their color, the limbs relaxed, and the
young Prince raised his head.

Surprised at the sight of the kneeling
figures around him, he asked:

"Why do you weep, my father? Is it
not the hour at which I am accustomed
to go down into the garden with my
tutor?"

The Emperor uttered a loud cry.

"A miracle!" he exclaimed. "My
child lives!" and taking his son into his
arms, he covered him with kisses. Then
turning toward the soldiers, he said:

"Go! summon the Empress; then
hasten to the town, and proclaim to all
that I order a general rejoicing. The
Prince is saved! There must be illumina-
tions at night. My treasurers shall per-
ambulate the streets, scattering gold
and silver money to the populace. All
the bells are to be rung, and in the
temples the bonzes shall sing the praises
of the merciful gods. As for thee,"

"thou shalt not be forgotten. From
this day forward thou shalt sit at my
right hand, on my throne, and thy light-
est wish shall be esteemed a command
by all."

Once more the old man smiled.

"I have need of nothing," he said,
"and craved one boon only—to be al-
lowed to return whence I came. Ere
long, I hope to enter upon my eternal
rest. It is not I, moreover, who have
saved thy son; thou hast saved him thy-
self; for thou hast offered unto the
gods the two things which alone can
move their infinite pity. Thou hast
bent the knee and shed a tear."

And as he passed out through the
ring of soldiers, who saluted him
with lowered weapons, he paused, with
uplifted forefinger, upon the threshold,
for one parting word of counsel:

"Never forget that above thee there ex-
ists a supreme Master, in whose eternal
balance a single tear far outweighs all
the arms of thy soldiers, thy crown, and
all thy treasures."

The Emperor bowed humbly as he
answered:

"I thank thee, my father!"—Trans-
lated for the Strand Magazine from the
French.

THY BURDEN.

To every one on earth
God gives a burden to be carried down
The road that leads between the cross and crown.
No lot is wholly free;
He giveth one to thee.

Thy burden is God's gift.
And it will make the heavier club and strong.
Yet, test it press too heavily and long,
He says, "Cast it on Me,
And I shall ease."

—Marianne Farnham.

MR. TISTER.

(Scene: Morning room at Mrs. Pel-
lander's; Grace Pellander reading; en-
ter Mrs. Pellander.)

Mrs. P.—Still reading, Grace?
Grace (without looking up)—Yes, mother. (A pause.)

Mrs. P.—Charming morning, is it
not?

Grace—I haven't noticed. (A pause.)
Mrs. P.—My dear Grace, nothing in
life seems to attract you but books.

Grace—They're interesting; life's
dull.

Mrs. P.—Dull! The idea—at your
age! Why you ought to be thinking of
all sorts of pleasant things.

Grace (without looking up)—I'm not
aware of any.

Mrs. P.—How absurd. Why, the
world's full of—of delight—
Grace—For example?

Mrs. P.—My dear—there's the park,
and—
Grace (with great contempt) Mr.
Tister.

Mrs. P. (quickly) A charming man.
Grace I have heard you say so. (A
pause.)

Mrs. P. Mr. Tister has just left.
Grace: How considerate of him. (A
pause.)

Mrs. P. He called this morning.
Grace: Obviously. (A pause.)

Mrs. P. My dear—really—if you
will pardon me, I don't think you
treat Mr. Tister with—as well, hardly
as—

Grace: My dear mother, I am tired
of Mr. Tister. You talk Mr. Tister to
me until the very name has become
positively nauseating. Since we re-
turned from Cornwall it has been nothing
but Mr. Tister. One comes from a
walk, from a drive, from shopping,
only to find either that Mr. Tister has
been or that Mr. Tister is expected, or
worse than that, that Mr. Tister is here.

Mrs. P.: I'm sure it's extremely kind
of Mr. Tister to call upon us occasion-
ally.

Grace: Nineteen times in three
weeks.

Mrs. P.: My dear Grace I wish
you would not speak with such busi-
ness-like precision.

Grace: Why not? Nowadays these
affairs come under a commercial head-
ing, do they not?

Mrs. P.: Really, Grace, you—
Grace: My dear mother, please don't
consider me blind.

Mrs. P.: My dear child.

Grace: No child. At twenty-two
Mrs. P.: Not until next month.
Besides, I married extremely young.

Grace: Possibly, but I am not con-
tent to marry by precedent.

Mrs. P.: I have never suggested that
you—

Grace: No suggestion is necessary.
The object of Mr. Tister's calls is as
plain as—Mr. Tister.

Mrs. P.: (with spirit) Grace.

Grace: Well?

Mrs. P.: He has a charming smile.
Grace: Smirk.

Mrs. P.: Thoroughly manly, fond of
sport.

Grace: Fortune-hunting.

Mrs. P.: And so romantic.

Grace (laughing) Romantic!

Mrs. P.: My dear, when you know
him better I'm sure you will agree with
me.

Grace: I saw him learning to cycle.
Mrs. P.: Grace.

Grace: Mother.

Mrs. P.: Grace, I wish to speak to
you upon a very serious matter.

Grace: My dear mother, you got as

far as that yesterday; also the day be-
fore. (A pause.) Well?
Mrs. P.: You make it so difficult.
Grace: That's just where you left
off on Wednesday.

Mrs. P.: (anxious) I really don't
see why I should consult you regarding
the affair at all.

Grace (smiling) I believe some
mothers think it quite unnecessary.

Mrs. P.: I consider my daughter's
happiness.

Grace: Via Mr. Tister? (laughingly).
Mrs. P.: (appealingly) He wishes
to please you.

Grace: We generally wish for the
impossible.

Mrs. P.: He is willing to take sec-
ond place.

Grace: And a fortune.

Mrs. P.: Anything to conciliate.
Grace: Really?

Mrs. P.: My dear, have not his ac-
tions proved it?

Grace: They've amused me.

Mrs. P.: Amused you?

Grace: When they haven't bored
me.

Mrs. P.: Your objections to Mr.
Tister are unjust.

Grace: He is old enough to be my
father.

Mrs. P.: A fact which should em-
phasize the wisdom of my choice.

Grace: In a matter of such impor-
tance I should have preferred to have
been the one to choose.

Mrs. P.: You are unreasonable.
Grace: My dear mother, it is quite
useless to argue the matter. A girl's
happiness nowadays is something more
than a tennis ball, to be knocked this
way and that way, everywhere and
anywhere—her parents holding the rac-
quet. It is a possession of which she
knows the value, one she does not
choose to lose through any false idea
of duty. And realizing as I do the
charm of the arrangement you and Mr.
Tister have made between you, I re-
gret exceedingly that you have both
wasted so much time—though certainly
it was no fault of mine, for had you
consulted me first—

Mrs. P. (expostulating) My dear
child.

No child could be dear to a
mother who could propose such a
scheme.

Mrs. P.: But—
Grace: I refuse to listen. Mr. Tis-
ter has been here a full hour this morn-
ing. I presume he will call again this
afternoon—he usually does. When he
arrives you can give him my answer.

Mrs. P.: You do not understand.
Grace: O yes I do; quite well. And
—

Grace: Nothing you can say will
alter my decision. And if you do not
choose to inform him that his presence
is detestable to me, I shall take the mat-
ter in my own hands.

Mrs. P.: Will you let me explain—
Grace: Explain to Mr. Tister what
you please, but not to me. Tell him
what you please, and how you please,
only get rid of him. Tell him—tell
him—that (mockingly) I am extremely
sensible to the honor he has done me.
(Mrs. Pellander tries to stop her by
action), and that I have the deepest re-
spect and esteem for him, but that what
he wishes is impossible.

And if you desire to soften the blow my
refusal will deal his (sarcastically)
young, tender heart, you can tell him
that (with mocking action) I will be a
sister to him. (She laughs loudly. A
pause.)

Mrs. P.: I am afraid the course of
action you suggest is impracticable, my
dear. (Slight pause.) I do not see
how it is possible for you to be a sister
to your mother's second husband.

(Grace is too astounded to speak.
Bell heard off.)

Mrs. P.: Ah! I promised Mr. Tis-
ter an hour in the park. He is here.
(Going.) I shall be back to lunch.

(Exit Mrs. Pellander.)

Grace (after pause)—Well—
—Sidney Bowdell in London Black
and White.

[For the Mass. Ploughman.]

I SING OF THE PUMP.

I sing of the pump, that treasure so dear,
Which stood on the farm for many a year;
Sweeter by far were its waters to me
Than richest of wines from over the sea!

Ab! years have rolled on while vanished is
truth
Is that old pump I knew in my youth:
The farm, too, faded by one who ne'er dreams
Of the rainbow tint that o'er childhood beams.

What fond memories cling to joys of the past,
Joy to fleet, too, too blissful to last,
How shadows will lift from the dial of time,
As backward we turn to our youthful prime!

The long vanished years now hold me in thrall,
With hopes and fears and love crowning
all;
And my thoughts still turn so fondly to thee,
Old pump in the lane by the red apple tree.
Salem, Feb. 7, 1898. —Charles E. Trow.

JONES'S LESSON.

"It's a snappin' cold mornin'!" and
Farmer Hinceley stamped the snow from
his feet and hurried to the fire to warm
his chilled hands.

It was early but the fire on the hearth
was blazing briskly, and a kettle of
clothes swinging from the crane sent up
clouds of steam.

The washerwoman looked up and nod-
ded, as she said: "Yes, I found it pretty
froty."

"You're out airly," said the man, as
he drew a chair to the fire, and sitting
astride it, proceeded to toast his back.

"Yes, I've got two more washin's ter
do to-day," was the reply. "A woman
with three young 'uns ter keer fer hain't
time ter let the grass grow under her
feet."

"That so," said the man thought-
fully. "What's that I heard tell about
you an' Jones?" he said at length.

The woman gave a laugh as she said:
"Lud! ye ain't heard o' that, hev ye?"
"Yes, they were pesterin' Jones about
it ter the store yestidy. What's it about
anyway?"

"Wal, sec'll ye, ye've hearn part, I
may s' well tell ye the hull story."

"Ye see, Jones has ben promisin' fer
six weeks to come an' hoop my wash-
tab, but I couldn't get him started."

"He'd set out first time, 'n' another,
but wouldn't come near, an' I got out
o' patience; an' I says: 'Jones, ef you
are goin' ter do that job



THE HORSE.

Oats for Colts.

Few farmers seem to realize that the first winter of a colt's life to a large extent determines its future usefulness and value. With the majority of our acquaintances the one thing they aim the first winter is "toughen" the colt, and in many cases he becomes so "tough" that he never makes a serviceable or profitable horse.

The process of toughening is very simple. The colt is left to shift for himself. He may wander over a field of bare corn stalks through the day and gather himself at night in the shadow of a wire fence, no fortune as to find a straw pile that is unoccupied by cattle and hogs. He has neither victuals nor drink offered him—he simply roughs it.

The colt would make a much tougher horse in the good sense if given proper food. And, taken all in all, there is no food that is so generally raised that is so well adapted for the colt—for all horse-kind—as oats.

Speaking of oats as the food for horses and of their special value as food for the colt the Southern Stock Farmer says: "The oat is a natural food for horses at any age. It has just the kind of nutrition to make the muscle and bone, and, conjoined with exercise, these are the basis of strength."

"It is especially important that the colt should begin to develop muscle at an early age. If he is allowed free room in which to run, the colt fed a few oats daily will do all else that is needed. He will even groom himself by rolling on the ground or in the snow when snow is on the ground."

"Besides, a pint of oats twice a day, making only a quart a day, will keep the colt growing, when with only hay he will have a rough staring coat and grow very little the first winter."

"What is worse, the colt thus underfed is likely to have its digestion injured. The hull of the oat prevents it from injuring the colt when fed in such small quantities. Towards spring the amount of oats may be increased to a quart at each feeding. At a quart a day it is less than a bushel per month, and at the largest it is less than two bushels per month."

"What is ten bushels of oats in comparison with the increased value of a thrifty horse instead of having an unthrifty one?"—Farm, Field and Fireside.

Horse Notes.

Few of our stallions get the exercise they should have; and there is no question but that our mares will breed better if kept regularly at farm work than if allowed to get fat and lazy.

The horse becomes indifferent to things when he becomes familiar with what formerly frightened him. Let him make the closest acquaintance, and remember that you must familiarize him with both sides of the dreaded object.

In case of scours in a suckling foal stir a pint of wheat flour into a half pail of water and give it to the mare to drink; inside of 48 hours the colt will probably be all right. Treat nearly all ailments of the suckling colt through the mother's milk.

Instead of washing the legs of the horse when coming in from a drive or from work in wet and stormy weather, rub them with sawdust; this quickly absorbs the moisture, and will dry the limbs quicker than a rubbing with straw or cloths, and prevents both colds and scratches. Place the foot in a box of the sawdust, and the work will be done easily and without wasting.

There are plenty of "hoose doctors" in the land, but from both the humane and the financial points it would be better if we had more capable veterinary surgeons. One possessing any scientific ability is rarely found in our towns of average size. This is a noble profession, and no one need be ashamed to be a veterinary surgeon unless he gives the community cause to be ashamed of him.—Indiana Farmer.

—The trotting mare Alton Leyburn, 2.29 1-4, by Baron Wilkes, died recently from the effects of a cold contracted on shipboard on her way to Vienna, Austria. This mare, with her mate, George M., was shown by Mr. C. M. Reed at the last New York Horse Show, where they won several ribbons. The week after the show they were purchased at \$6,200 for export to Austria.—Breeder's Gazette.

A wise man is on the lookout for a good thing. German Post Man, sold by C. B. Bar rett, 45 North Market street, for horse bedding, one of the good things of this world.

Boston Cooking School.

All ingredients mentioned in the following recipes are measured level.

The lesson of Wednesday morning, Feb. 16, was deserving of a larger audience but the weather was so unfavorable as to cause a diminished attendance. Rhode Island Chowder, Stewed Kidneys, Curried Vegetables, Cream Soups, Baked Eggs with Tomato Sauce and Chocolate Souffle were prepared and served.

RHODE ISLAND CHOWDER.—Cook two three-inch cubes of salt pork cut in slices, with one large onion sliced, in one-half cupful water. Parboil four cupfuls potato cubes, add the liquor from pork and onions, the juice from one quart clams, the hard part of the clams chopped fine, and two cupfuls boiling water. When potatoes are nearly done add one cupful strained tomatoes and the soft part of the clams and one-fourth teaspoonful soda; add one cupful each of scalded milk and cream, two tablespoonfuls butter, and salt, pepper and softened crackers. The clams should be carefully washed and picked over, using a cupful of cold water, then drained. The liquor remaining should be re-heated, and strained. The pork and onion may be placed in the oven until the onion is cooked and the fat tried out, if it is desired to avoid the odor. The parboiling of the potatoes will improve them, preventing any bitter taste. The crackers should be softened in cold milk before adding to the chowder.

This recipe came from a summer hotel in Rhode Island which is famous for its clam chowders. The chowder as served at the school, was delicious, being somewhat similar to tomato bisque, in taste.

STEWED KIDNEYS.—Remove the fat and centre from six kidneys, and soak in cold water. Slice, season with salt and pepper, roll in flour and saute in butter or pork fat. About eight minutes will be sufficient. If cooked much longer the kidneys will be tough and require several hours' cooking to make tender again. Add to the fat in the pan one tablespoonful butter and two tablespoonfuls flour; brown and add three-fourths cupful stock. Season with salt, pepper, onion juice and Worcester-shire sauce, and pour this over the kidneys.

CURRIED VEGETABLES.—Cook one cupful each of potatoes and carrots, and one-half cupful turnips cut into fancy shapes, in boiling salted water till tender; add one-half cupful canned peas, and pour over a sauce made by cooking two slices onion in two tablespoonfuls butter ten minutes; remove onion and add two tablespoonfuls flour, one-half teaspoonful curry powder, three-fourths teaspoonful salt, one-fourth teaspoonful pepper, a few grains celery salt, and one cupful scalded milk. Sprinkle with chopped parsley.

The quantity of curry used is only enough to give a pleasant flavor and would be liked by most people unless the flavor of curry is very distasteful.

CREAM SOUPS.—Sift together two cupfuls flour, three teaspoonfuls baking powder and one teaspoonful salt; rub in four tablespoonfuls butter. Add two well-beaten eggs and about one-third cupful thin cream. Roll three-fourths inch thick, cut in diamond shape, prick, brush with white of egg, and sprinkle with sugar. Bake in a hot oven about fifteen minutes.

These may also be cut in strips and rolled lightly into sticks, sprinkled generously with sugar, and after baking, served with chocolate. If made without the egg, they will serve very nicely for bread sticks with soup.

BAKED EGGS WITH TOMATO SAUCE.—Brown two tablespoonfuls butter, add two tablespoonfuls flour, and brown; add one-half cupful each of brown stock and stewed and strained tomatoes; season with salt, pepper and paprika, also a little sugar or soda if the tomatoes are acid. Toast five rounds of bread, butter slightly, cover with the sauce, and pile on each the beaten white of an egg; make a depression in the center, drop in the yolk and cook in the oven long enough to set the egg. Serve with the remainder of the sauce around the eggs.

Very fresh eggs are necessary for this. Beat the whites with a fork rather than a Dover egg beater and season with salt if preferred. If not so much of the white of the egg is liked, one or more of them may be reserved for use in other dishes. These are very pretty in appearance, and are frequently served at ladies' luncheons.

CHOCOLATE SOUFFLE.—Melt two tablespoonfuls butter, add two tablespoonfuls flour and three-quarters cupful milk. Melt one and one-half squares chocolate, add one-third cupful sugar and two tablespoonfuls of hot water; one at a time; when smooth, add to the first mixture, also fold in slowly the yolks of three eggs beaten until thick and lemon color. Cool, fold in the whites of the eggs beaten stiff, and one-half teaspoonful vanilla. Turn into a buttered dish, and bake in a moderate oven about twenty-five minutes, setting it on an asbestos mat or in a pan of water, so that it will cook slowly. Serve immediately with beaten cream, sweetened and flavored to taste. If an extra white of egg is at hand, it will make the souffle all the lighter.

When adding melted chocolate in making ice cream or a chocolate pudding, dilute, as above directed, with hot water to insure perfect smoothness.

The next lesson will be given Wednesday morning, Feb. 23, beginning at ten o'clock, at the rooms of the school, 372 Boylston St. The subject will be a Ladies' Luncheon, and Clam Broth with Whipped Cream, Crab a la Richmond, Sweetbread Cutlets, Creamed Mushrooms in cases, Salad Chiffonade and Pineapple Mousse will be prepared. Single admission, fifty cents.

Horse Owners! Use CAUSTIC BALSAM

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THE TIMES ARE OUT OF JOINT.

REFLECT!!

THE MASSES want to be **HUMBLED!** So they buy inferior and dangerous soaps to procure **WORTHLESS** presents, or else the dealer recommends cheap soaps on account of extra profit.

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Save the scrap iron.

The pieces of old iron that accumulate on the farm are often valuable and should be saved. The large pieces can be used for heating water at butchering time and often a piece of casting, by a slight modification, can be used in repairing and in this way save you more than a large pile sold for old iron would bring. We had an old mower and reaper that had been standing around for years, finally we made it over into a manure cart. The box we made two feet deep, five feet long and four and one-half feet wide, we put it together with wagon box scrap bolts. It will hold about twenty-six bushels of shelled corn. We have found it very useful for various purposes and could hardly get along without it. We noticed in a grain store of our town, they had constructed a sort of elevator, using the cog wheels of an old corn sheller. The small wheels of an old check rower were used for pulley wheels on a weight door of a barn; a hand cart was made by using the wheels of a cultivator and spring rake teeth were cut for pins to hang heavy articles on. These are only a few of the many ways in which we may utilize an old pile of scrap iron.—Prairie Farmer.

CHANGE NOTE.

Pomona Grange, No. 1, will meet at Holliston, Mass., Feb. 23, 10 A. M. Subject in forenoon, Poultry Culture. Address, I. K. Felch. Incubators.—Mrs. Wm. D. Rudd; How to Raise Chickens, Mrs. E. J. Stratton. Subject, 2 P. M., "Washington as a Farmer." Essay, Mary E. Cutler. Music.—In Song, Mrs. Thayer; In Nature, Mrs. Trask; In the Home, Mrs. Nichols.

BITS OF FUN.

"Your wife is a forehanded little creature."

"Forehanded? The day I stayed at home on account of the big snowstorm she made me get out the lawn-mower and oil it."—Detroit Free Press.

"Always pay as you go," said an old man to his nephew. "But, uncle, suppose I've nothing to pay with?" "Then don't go."—Exchange.

"We are going to give up having Johnny get an education." "For what reason?" "Well—we can't get him sterilized every morning in time to go to school."—Puck.

"THE WOODEN HEN"

The little illustration shown herewith is small only in size, but really large in magnitude when we consider that the "Wooden Hen" is no larger than a live hen, yet has double the capacity. It weighs only 15 pounds, has a capacity of 25 eggs, and while not a toy, is just



as amusing, besides being instructive as well.

We doubt if a more acceptable or more valuable present could be made to the farmer boy or girl, and we suggest that every one of them who read the PLOUGHMAN, write Mr. Geo. H. Stahl, Quincy, Ill., and ask him for a copy of his handsome little booklet describing the "Wooden Hen." Also his large catalogue of the Model Excelsior Incubator. Tell him you write at the suggestion of the PLOUGHMAN.

Don't Delay—Accept at Once.

If you are sick or out of health, here is a chance of being cured which may never happen again. Dr. Greene, 34 Temple Place, Boston, Mass., the most noted and successful physician in curing disease this century has produced has announced that sufferers from disease may consult him by letter free. Write him immediately about your case. You can thus get his opinion and advice without charge. Do not miss this opportunity—your restoration to health will undoubtedly result.

If You Wish to be Well

You must fortify your system against the attacks of disease. Your blood must be kept pure, your stomach and digestive organs in order, your appetite good. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the medicine to build you up, purify and enrich your blood and give you strength. It creates an appetite and gives digestive power.

Hood's Pills are the favorite family cathartic, easy to take, easy to operate.

Horse Owners! Use

COMBIAULT'S

Caustic Balsam

The Best, Most Effective and Reliable Cure for the Sore, Heat, Blister and other Skin Diseases of Horses. It is a powerful antiseptic and disinfectant, and will cure all skin diseases, whether old or new, in a few days. It is a powerful antiseptic and disinfectant, and will cure all skin diseases, whether old or new, in a few days. It is a powerful antiseptic and disinfectant, and will cure all skin diseases, whether old or new, in a few days.

FARMERS' MEETING.

(Continued from Second Page.)

back in milking time. The flies are almost wholly kept out of the barn by the darkness.

Mr. Thatcher: I would like to ask what breed of cows you keep to supply your "baby milk."

Mr. Ellis: Partly Jersey grades and Ayrshires—just such cows practically as you would call native cows.

Mr. Ham: What kind of feed for green feed would you consider the cheapest?

Mr. Ellis: Rye comes first. We harrow rye into our corn fields as soon as corn is off and some is put in pretty early. We have cut rye as early as the last of April in Newton, but ordinarily we have been a little behind. As soon as we possibly can, we put in oats and peas and that is our main reliance from the time rye comes until we get some of our early corn. From the first of August until the heavy frost, that is our main feed, sweet corn.

Mr. Ham: Don't you buy a great deal of sweet corn stalks?

Mr. Ellis: We have bought a number. I should prefer not to do that, however. The corn stalks do not carry the fodder you want for your cows. I think it is more economical to feed the whole corn.

Mr. Sessions: I should like to ask how you put in your peas and oats?

Mr. Ellis: We put in our peas, and in about three days follow with our oats.

Mr. Sessions: About how deep?

Mr. Ellis: Our peas are put in about four inches. The oats are not as deep.

Mr. Ham: Do you think it pays to raise corn for ensilage to feed in the summer?

Mr. Ellis: I have no question but that it would pay me. The only trouble is, that we have not been able to raise sufficient corn to put in enough ensilage. My hope is to raise ensilage enough to carry us until we get the sweet corn the next year, and I would have ensilage enough to feed a summer feed all the year through.

Mr. Ham: Don't you think the corn right from the field is better than the ensilage?

Mr. Ellis: No, I cannot say that I do. I think I would as soon have ensilage as fresh corn.

Mr. Sessions: Would you like to dispose of oats and peas for ensilage?

Mr. Ellis: I should probably raise some oats and peas, but I would have some ensilage. It depends so much upon the season. I would have ensilage enough so I could feed at least ten pounds right through the summer, I would not take the cows off it. I would feed some oats and peas. I think the change good for cattle.

Mr. Hadwen: I would like to ask the price that he receives for his milk, and the net profit for each cow.

Mr. Ellis: The price for milk is eight cents a quart, with the exception of one single customer, who takes some seventy quarts a day at seven cents; but we are all the time at an experimental stage, so we could not say just how much should be charged up to construction account.

Mr. Hadwen: I mean, particularly the net profit, over and above food, etc., not taking into account the construction.

Mr. Ellis: That is also difficult to say. We are satisfied that it is a reasonable profit, not more than that. I am satisfied that I could not sell it at seven cents a quart.

Mr. J.B. Bowker: I would like to ask if you would recommend it as feasible for farmers in the country, who sell their milk to contractors, and who receive three cents, to try such a method as yours?

Mr. Ellis: Eventually, yes. I have no question that contractors could pay a higher price for milk properly handled on the farms. I am not deep in this question, I confess, but it has seemed to me, and I believe it to be true, that the contractors could afford to pay a higher price for the milk, and I believe, further, it is possible for contractors, retailers and farmers together to educate the consumer—not only to a larger consumption of milk, but to pay a better price. It will take some time to do it.

Mr. Sessions: It costs you something to deliver your milk?

Mr. Ellis: A large sum. Also, I am on land that is worth \$2000 per acre; I hire nothing for less than \$5.00 an acre, and from that \$20.00. I have to haul my fertilizer anywhere from three to seven miles and crops back. I have a decided advantage, though, in being right in the centre of things. My teams can scatter in different directions, and go but a short distance, but the cost of my fodder is a large item, and I cannot afford to raise hay on land that I am paying so high a price for. My expenses, necessarily, are entirely out of proportion to what they would be on an ordinary farm.

Mr. Sessions: I suppose that the object of this meeting, provided by the generous editor of the PLOUGHMAN, is that the farmers interested may gain some advantage from it, and the point, it seems to me, is how near the average farmer can profit by Mr. Ellis's experi-

ence. Now, we know, as he has told us, his condition and surroundings are very different indeed from those in our neighborhoods. He hires a great deal of help, and I should like to hear him state about what it costs him per individual, if he is willing to say.

Mr. Ellis: It is an item that I ought to have touched upon. They range from \$18 to \$30 a month and found. Nothing less than \$18, and at the present time nothing over \$30.

Mr. Sessions: Can you tell us the average for the men below your farm?

Mr. Ellis: The average price is between \$24 and \$25. We employ in summer about 35 men.

Mr. Sherman: I was interested in the construction of the barn which we have listened to. I would like to know how many cows you require one man to care for, to milk and take the whole care of.

Mr. Ellis: My men are supposed to milk 15 cows. The care of 143, I think is being done by eight men. That includes the hauling out of the manure and dumping it in the wagon.

Mr. Sherman: Could one man care for forty cows?

Mr. Ellis: Oh, no. Not properly. Mr. Ward: In the production of milk, the prices have not been touched upon in one respect. I would like to ask Mr. Ellis if that is reckoned in the cost of his milk,—the production of the manure from the cow? We have been told that the product from a well fed cow is worth for twelve months more than \$45. This should be counted in the income.

Mr. Ellis: Forty-five dollars apiece? No. That question presents itself to me in an entirely different way from what it does to others. I don't think I should calculate on \$45. If I did I should expect to get left.

Mr. Howe: You speak of the grains. Is your ration pretty nearly a balanced ration?

Mr. Ellis: We think it is. Mr. Howe: What do you think is the best point upon which to judge a cow?

Mr. Ellis: Well, I think the pail is a pretty good point, and I think that is a pretty good point to judge a ration by. We are as near a balanced ration as we think possible.

Mr. Hutchins at this stage of the discussion, suggested that a vote of thanks be tendered Mr. Ellis for his very helpful and interesting discourse.

The motion being moved and seconded by the chairman, Mr. Hadwen, a rousing vote of thanks was unanimously given to the satisfaction of the entire audience.

A short talk then followed by Mr. Hadwen, who said in part: "It is quite the custom when a person becomes old and a little garrulous, to put him in the 'chair'."

We have had a very interesting talk upon producing nice milk for a good price, and while its practice is adapted to those farmers who are so situated that they can pursue that course, it is out of the question for the distant farmer to follow in Mr. Ellis's footsteps.

The best milk I can make is made in winter, and on good hay, ground corn and oats, and carrots. I used to raise carrots quite largely for that purpose, and have pretty good flavored milk, and they added to its color. The carrots have a great influence. But I fully believe and approve of Mr. Ellis's course. He is leading us farmers along to a higher level than that of the ordinary farmer. I believe a market can be made in the country, and it should be made. His idea of cleanliness in the keeping of his cattle is an important one, and should not be overlooked. The sanitary conditions and arrangements for light are also important; and so he is leading the people on to a very much higher plane than we were when we started.

Mr. Ellis here embraced the opportunity of submitting some sheets of his daily milk record, for the inspection of any one who might be interested. So marked was the interest during the morning that no one seemed to realize the lateness of the hour, until Mr. Hadwen gave the following announcement: "The next meeting will be held at Wesleyan Hall, February 26, at 10 o'clock. The address will be given by Mr. Benjamin P. Ware of Clifton, Mass., on 'Taxation.' You are all cordially invited to be present." The meeting was then adjourned.

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